THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™

HAUNTED HORROR™

Mr. KARSWELL

#34

YOE® COMICS

YOU ARE THE MURDERER!

YOU TRIED TO *RUN!*
YOU TRIED TO *HIDE!* BUT
OH, IT SEEMS THAT WITH
ONE WHIFF, WE'VE EASILY ENTICED
YOU BACK AGAIN ON AN *AROMATIC*
WAVE FROM THE *GRAVE*-LIKE *LAMBS*
TO THE *SLAUGHTER,* OR *CANNIBALS*
TO THE *FEAST!*
WE RING THE *DINNER BELL FROM HELL*
AND THE SMELL OF THESE *BLOOD-*
SOAKED TALES SENDS YOUR INSATIABLE
HORROR HEADS SCRAMBLING TO OUR
TERROR TABLE FOR ANOTHER HEAPING
HELPING OF MORE!
SO TIE A NAPKIN AROUND YOUR NECKS
GOOD 'N TIGHT: THESE *MESSY*
MORSELS MAY NOT GO DOWN ALL
TOO EASY, BUT IN THE END THEY
ARE SURE TO PLEASE!
HEE HEE...

Mr. Karswell illustration and Horrors of it All logo art by Drazen Kozjan.

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Look for another spine-tingling issue of *Haunted Horror* in two months!

HE WAS A QUIET OLD MAN, LIVING ALONE IN THE WOODS AND NO ONE SUSPECTED HIS GHASTLY SECRET UNTIL THEY JOINED HIM IN...

DINNER for ONE

I MUST BE GETTING OLD, MR. CRAIG! I PLUMB FORGOT THE EXTRA BACON. HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN FOR IT AFTER TODAY'S HUNT!

BRUCE, DARLING-- WHY CAN'T WE GO BACK? I DON'T LIKE THESE WOODS! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM THAT FRIGHTENS ME!

STOP IT, LOIS! YOU'VE BEEN WHINING SINCE WE CAME! I'M NOT GOING BACK--! IF YOU DON'T LIKE HUNTING, THAT'S TOO BAD! I DO!

YOU TALKED ME INTO COMING! YOU SAID I'D LOVE IT-- BUT I-- I *HATE* IT-- ALL OF IT!

I'M SURE SORRY I ASKED YOU! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A HOT-HOUSE FLOWER, LOIS! GET THE GUNS, SETH!

RIGHT, MR. CRAIG!

LATER...

THERE!

GOOD SHOT, MR. CRAIG!

BLAM!!

1

The Tormented #1, July 1954. Mike Sekowsky. Sterling.

SUDDENLY...

I HEARD THE SHOT! HOPE YOU FOLKS DON'T MIND MY INTRUSION! I LIVE BACK THERE IN THE WOODS!

LIVE HERE? I DIDN'T KNOW THIS PLACE WAS INHABITED! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME, SETH?

BEATS ME! FIRST TIME I EVER HEARD OF ANYONE UP HERE! THOUGHT I KNEW THESE WOODS!

THE WOODS HOLD MANY SECRETS!

I SUPPOSE SO! WELL, OLD MAN, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY!

THE POOR STAG! I--I DON'T LIKE TO SEE THEM KILLED. MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I DON'T EAT ANIMAL MEAT!

I SUPPOSE BEING A VEGETARIAN IS A MATTER OF TASTE!

A VEGETARIAN--? WELL, GOODBYE NOW. I HOPE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

LATER, BACK AT THE CAMP SITE...

I'LL TAKE THE SHORT-CUT TO TOWN, MR. CRAIG! BE BACK IN TWO HOURS!

OKAY, SETH! MAKE IT BEFORE NIGHTFALL. I WANT TO SKIN THAT STAG!

THE HOURS SLOWLY TICKED AWAY AS THE GIRL BROODED! SUDDENLY, THE STILLNESS OF THE FOREST WAS BROKEN BY A WILD, BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEK...

EEEEE!

YAHH!!

BRUCE! WHAT WAS THAT?

OH, I DON'T KNOW. SOME ANIMAL, I GUESS! WHERE IS THAT BLASTED GUIDE? HE SHOULD'VE BEEN BACK BY NOW!

PLEASE, DARLING, LET'S GO HOME! I'M FRIGHTENED-- TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED!

STOP, LOIS! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! I WON'T TOLERATE THIS NONSENSE. YOU'RE MY WIFE-- YOU'LL LEARN TO LIKE THE THINGS I DO!

BRUCE! YOU HURT ME!

SO WHAT? YOU'LL GET OVER IT! YOUR WEAKNESS DISGUSTS ME! I BROUGHT YOU ALONG TO TEACH YOU STRENGTH AND SELF-RELIANCE! INSTEAD, YOU WHIMPER, NAG, COMPLAIN! I WARN YOU, LOIS -- I WON'T PUT UP WITH IT!

YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF QUITE CLEAR, BRUCE. I WAS A FOOL TO THINK THAT TWO PEOPLE SO DIFFERENT IN THEIR INTERESTS COULD EVER MAKE A GO OF THEIR MARRIAGE! I'M LEAVING YOU, BRUCE!

GO AHEAD! THINK YOU CAN FIND YOUR WAY BACK TO TOWN?

DON'T WORRY! I'LL MANAGE!

YOU'LL BE BACK, LOIS! YOU DON'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS!

SEETHING WITH ANGER, THE GIRL [illegible] OFF INTO THE DARK, FOREBODING WOODS. BUT SHE'D GONE ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE BEFORE SHE BEGAN TO FALTER IN HER DETERMINATION...

EEAA!

AHHHHH

THAT SAME CRY! IT-- IT ALMOST SOUNDS HUMAN!

BRUCE! BRUCE! WHERE ARE YOU, BRUCE?

FRIGHTENED, THE GIRL RETRACED HER STEPS BACK TO CAMP...

BUT THE CAMP WAS DESERTED, AND ONLY THE ECHOES TO HER FRANTIC CRIES COULD BE HEARD--AS IF TO MOCK HER...

BRUCE! WHERE ARE YOU? BRUCE! WHERE ARE YOU? BRUCE! WHERE ARE YOU? BRUCE! WHERE ARE YOU? BRUCE! WHERE ARE YOU? BRUCE! WHERE ARE YOU? BRUCE! BRUCE! BRUCE!

OVERCOME BY PANIC, LOIS RAN WILDLY THROUGH THE WOODS, HEEDLESS OF THE WHIPPING BRANCHES AND THE CLINGING UNDERBRUSH...

BRUCE! BRUCE!

SHE RAN AND RAN... AND THEN EVERYTHING BEGAN TO SPIN AND SHE FELT THE GROUND COME UP... AND THEN... NOTHING!

WHY, IT'S THAT POOR UNHAPPY GIRL! SHE'S FAINTED!

THE OLD MAN CARRIED HER BACK TO HIS CABIN AND GENTLY PLACED HER ON HIS BUNK...

WHEN THE POOR THING COMES AROUND SHE'LL NEED A HOT MEAL! I BETTER GET BUSY!

AHH... JUST RIGHT!

AT THAT MOMENT...

OHH... WHERE AM I?

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MY DEAR! I FOUND YOU OUT IN THE WOODS!

I--I MUST FIND BRUCE! HE WAS GONE! WE QUARRELED, AND...

TUT-TUT, MY DEAR! EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT. YOU'RE WORKING YOURSELF UP FOR NOTHING! I KNOW WHERE YOUR HUSBAND IS! HE IS WITH SETH, YOUR GUIDE!

OH... YOU SAW HIM?

YES. FIRST THE GUIDE CAME BY, THEN YOUR HUSBAND! THEY ARE TOGETHER NOW!

OF COURSE! HE MUST HAVE GONE TO FIND SETH! HE WAS CONCERNED BECAUSE SETH WAS LATE GETTING BACK TO CAMP. AND EVEN THOUGH WE QUARRELED, I'M SURE HE IS WORRIED ABOUT ME. WILL YOU TAKE ME TO OUR CAMP?

A BIT LATER, MY DEAR! YOU MUST BE HUNGRY! WON'T YOU STAY FOR DINNER?

MMM... THAT *DOES* SMELL GOOD! THANK YOU... I WILL!

IT'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE TO SET THE TABLE!

WHAT ARE IN THOSE SACKS? THEY SEEM SO HEAVY!

JUST PROVISIONS, MY DEAR! I'M STOCKING UP FOR THE WINTER!

OF COURSE! THERE'S NO TRADING POST IN THESE PARTS WHERE YOU CAN GO FOR SUPPLIES!

NOPE! I SELDOM SEE ANYONE AROUND HERE. A LONELY OLD MAN HAS TO MAKE THE BEST OF WHAT HE HAS. WELL -- DINNER IS READY!

GOOD! I'M RAVENOUS NOW!

THERE YOU ARE, MY DEAR... MY FAVORITE DISH!

WHAT IS IT?

TRY SOME! SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS!

FAIR ENOUGH!

THIS IS SOME KIND OF STEW! YOU TOLD ME YOU DIDN'T EAT MEAT!

I SAID I DIDN'T EAT *ANIMAL MEAT,* MY DEAR!

WHAT OTHER KIND OF MEAT IS THERE...? I... *WHAT'S THIS?!*

BRUCE CRAIG

BRUCE'S BRACELET! I GAVE IT TO HIM ON HIS BIRTH-DAY!!

YES, MY DEAR... I TOLD YOU HE WAS WITH THE GUIDE!

NO! NO! EEEYAAH!

TCH! TCH! AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN FINISHED YOUR DINNER!

AH, WELL! AT LEAST SHE WON'T MAKE THE FUSS THE OTHER TWO DID!

THE NEXT TIME YOU GO HUNTING, PLEASE STAY AWAY FROM THAT LITTLE CABIN IN THE WOODS! WHO KNOWS? YOU MAY BE NEXT!

SHE KNEW THEN... KNEW THE GHASTLY TRUTH! AND THE BLACK BOTTOMLESS PIT MERCIFULLY OPENED FOR HER...

The END

A TALL WARM DRINK

CYRUS BARKER, THE TOWN MORTICIAN, IS GETTING READY TO CLOSE UP SHOP. IT'S MID-SUMMER AND THE HEAT IN HIS MUSTY PREPARATION ROOM IS OPPRESSIVE.

THERE--THANK GOODNESS THAT'S THE LAST ONE FOR TODAY. THE HEAT IN HERE IS KILLING ME.

AS HE CLOSES THE SHOP DOOR THE SUN BEATS DOWN UPON HIS ROUND SHOULDERS.

CAN'T WAIT TILL I GET HOME TO GET THESE HOT CLOTHES OFF. AND A NICE LONG DRINK --THAT'S WHAT I NEED.

AS HE WALKS HOME THROUGH THE QUIET STREETS THERE'S ONLY ONE THING ON HIS MIND . . .

A DRINK--A NICE TALL ONE. IF I KNOW SUSIE, SHE'LL HAVE IT READY FOR ME.

IT'S A LONG WALK HOME FOR BARKER AND HIS BLACK SUIT ABSORBS THE HEAT LIKE A SPONGE DOES WATER.

BUT NOT A COLD DRINK--A NICE TALL, WARM ONE. SUSIE ALWAYS SAYS A WARM DRINK IS THE BEST THING IN WEATHER LIKE THIS.

BARKER TURNS QUIETLY INTO THE WALK OF HIS HOME. HE CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET INSIDE.

AND SUSIE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT. YOU CAN TAKE YOUR SODA POP AND BEER. JUST GIVE ME A TALL, WARM DRINK OF . . .

BARKER WAS RIGHT. HIS WIFE SUSIE DID HAVE ONE WAITING FOR HIM.

BOY, IT'S BEEN A DEVIL OF A DAY. HOPE YOU HAVE A DRINK FOR ME.

COURSE I HAVE, YOU POOR DARLING. IT'S ALL SET UP AND WAITING FOR YOU IN THE DEN.

POOR HOT AND THIRSTY CYRUS BARKER APPROACHES HIS TALL DRINK.

I PICKED IT UP ABOUT A HOUR AGO IN THE HOBO JUNGLE. IT'S STILL NICE AND WARM, HONEY.

YES, BARKER IS A VAMPIRE—NOT JUST IN SUMMER, BUT ALL YEAR 'ROUND. BUT LIKE SUSIE SAYS: ON A HOT DAY YOU CAN'T BEAT A TALL, WARM DRINK

THE END

Mysterious Adventures #16, October 1953. Artist unknown. Story Comics.

THE ANCIENT PEAKS OF TIBET HAVE WITNESSED STRANGE SIGHTS. DURING THE UNTOLD AGES THE LAMAS HAVE PRACTICED THEIR STRANGE *BON* MAGIC, SORCERIES WITH RUNE AND RITUAL. FOR THE STRANGER WHO BREAKS THE PEACE OF MOUNTAINS THIS ANCIENT MAGIC IS TURNED TO VENGEANCE... THE TERROR AND DEATH OF...

the HORROR HEADS

THE QUIET AIR OF THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS IS SHATTERED BY RUDE OATHS AS DIRK VAN GORT, HUNTER AND GUIDE, ARGUES WITH HIS EMPLOYER...

IF WE GO TO THE TSANGPO COUNTRY I MUST HAVE MORE MONEY... IT IS A BAD TRIP!

THE PRICE WAS AGREED UPON IN SHIGATSE. NOW START THE PONIES, WE LEAVE AT ONCE.

HARRISON

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Beware #11, August 1952. Harry Harrison. Youthful.

THERE ARE NO MOUNTAIN GOATS THERE-- THE HUNTING IS BAD!

THE PRICE WAS SETTLED. I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO SAY...

YOU ARE SO RIGHT, ENGLISHMEN, YOU SAY NOTHING MORE--*YA!* NOW I TAKE *ALL* YOUR MONEY!

BLAM!

WELL, TASHI-KYA, ARE YOU WITH ME OR DO YOU WANT SOME OF THE SAME MEDICINE.

I AM YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT, HONORED SIR!

WE'LL TAKE THESE PONIES TO BHUTAN AND SELL THE EQUIPMENT. YOU'LL GET YOUR SHARE!

TREACHEROUS DEVIL-- I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT TRY THAT!

URGH!

BLAM BLAM!

I MUST NOT DIE--- YET---THERE IS A *THING*--I MUST DO FIRST...!

BUT TASHI-KYA IS NOT DEAD---HIS WILL DRIVES HIM ON---VENGEANCE MUST STRIKE DOWN THIS MURDERER...

OH GODS OF *BON*, ELEMENTS OF EARTH AND AIR, HEAR THY SERVANT AND OBEY THIS *CURSE!*

WITH MY BLOOD I HAVE INSCRIBED THE SECRET WORD---IN DEATH I WILL LIVE AGAIN---FOR VENGEANCE ---*AAAGH!*

TASHI-KYA IS DEAD, BUT THE RUSHING MOUNTAIN STREAM TURNS THE PRAYER WHEEL. WITH EACH ROTATION OF THE WHEEL THE CURSE IS REPEATED...

THE CURSE GROWS STRONGER AS IT MOVES ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS...

---AND STRIKES THE FLEEING RENEGADE!

UK! WHAT WAS THAT?-- A SUDDEN COLD INSIDE ME. THESE CURSED MOUNTAINS ARE MAKING ME TOO JUMPY!!

I BETTER CAMP HERE--- IT IS ALMOST DARK.

SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

I WILL PUSH ON AT DAWN AND--*WHAT* IS THIS INFERNAL ITCH? MY ARM FEELS LIKE FIRE!

THE GREY DAWN WAKES DIRK FROM HIS FITFUL SLEEP...

UHH -- THIS ARM IS THROBBING--WHAT IS THIS -- BOIL? IT MUST BE CAUSING THE PAIN?

STRANGE, I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE---WHY IT'S-- IT'S *GROWING!*

THE STRANGE GROWTH MOVES, FORCING IT'S WAY FROM DIRK'S BODY...

IT'S A TINY *HEAD!* THOSE ARE EYES--- STARING AT ME!

IT IS THE HEAD OF *TASHI-KYA!* HE HAS RETURNED TO HAUNT ME!

LET ME CLEAN THIS KNIFE BLADE AND I WILL SOON BE RID OF YOU-- HO! THEN I WILL LEAVE THIS EVIL LAND AND GO WHERE YOUR MAGIC CANNOT FOLLOW ME!

I MUST PUSH ON TO THE BORDER--- THERE I WILL BE SAFE!

SCRATCH SCRATCH

BLINDED BY PAIN, DIRK DOESN'T NOTICE THE NAGGING LITTLE ITCH ON HIS *LEG!*

I MUST HAVE FOOD--KEEP MY STRENGTH UP. THAT ITCH ON MY LEG KEEPS BOTHERING ME--- *MY LEG---!*

AND SO, ANOTHER ONE! WITH THE KNIFE LIKE THIS--*ARGHH!* WE GET RID OF YOU ALSO!

DAY AND NIGHT BLEND INTO A NIGHTMARE OF PAIN--BUT DIRK STRUGGLES ON...

GOT TO MAKE THE BORDER---ONLY CHANCE...

THAT NIGHT...

YOU WILL DIE, DIRK VAN GORT--- YOU CANNOT ESCAPE--YOU WILL DIE...

I AM **CURSED!!** THESE DEVIL HEADS CAN SPEAK!--*BE STILL*-- MY KNIFE WILL SILENCE YOU!!

DAYS LATER...

I'M SO WEAK-- MUST PUSH ON..

A SHORT MILE AHEAD IS THE BORDER--AND SAFETY! BUT DIRK LIES UNCONSCIOUS IN THE FROZEN WASTES...

LATER, AS TWO SOLDIERS PASS, BRINGING IN SUPPLIES FOR A NEARBY U.S. WEATHER OBSERVATION STATION...

SAY SARGE, MOUNTAIN PONIES OVER THERE-- AND *LOOK*-- SOME GUY LYING IN THE SNOW!!

PULL UP, WE'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK.

HE'S STILL ALIVE! WE BETTER PACK HIM INTO THE JEEP AND LET THE DOCS LOOK AT HIM!

LATER...

WHAT-- WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE IN A UNITED STATES ARMY HOSPITAL. THEY BROUGHT YOU IN FOUR DAYS AGO, IN RATHER BAD SHAPE I MUST SAY.

FOUR DAYS!!

THE HEADS HAVE GROWN ALL THIS TIME! HOW BIG ARE THEY?!!

TAKE IT EASY MAN, YOU'RE WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD!

NURSE! CALL DR. EDMONDS AT ONCE.

THE BANDAGES. THEY'RE MOVING! IT'S GROWING, *GROWING!!*

HE'S BEEN HYSTERICAL EVER SINCE REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS-- A SEVERE SHOCK CASE...

AARGH!

OH *NO!* IT'S TASHI-KYA. HE'S COME OUT!

YES, EVIL ONE, I HAVE RETURNED!

PLEASE--- DON'T---

NOW YOU SHALL MEET YOUR DEATH AS THE RUNES FORTOLD!!

URGH!

HE'S HAVING SOME KIND OF ATTACK, CLUTCHING AT HIS THROAT!

QUICK LIEUTENANT, A SEDATIVE!

IT'S TOO LATE, EDMONDS. THE POOR DEVIL IS DEAD!

HOW HORRIBLE! LOOK AT THE PAIN IN HIS EYES! WHAT IMAGINARY TERRORS HIS TORTURED MIND MUST HAVE SEEN!

YES, IMAGINARY--OF COURSE---

BUT THOSE BANDAGES ON HIS LEG... WHY DID THEY FALL AWAY LIKE THAT BEFORE HE DIED--AS IF SOMETHING *INVISIBLE* HAD COME OUT!! BUT--NO, THAT SORT OF THING IS IMPOSSIBLE, EVEN IN THIS LOST LAND!!

BUT *IS* IT, DOCTOR...?

-THE END-

It Came From The BOTTOM OF THE WORLD!

IT WAS SUCH A GAY PARTY. SUCH FUN FOR ALL! WHO COULD DREAM IT WOULD END THE WAY IT DID!

AS NEPTUNE, KING OF THE SEA, I HEREBY DECLARE YOU INITIATED! ANY OTHER GREENHORNS CROSSING THE EQUATOR FOR THE FIRST TIME?

RIGHT HERE!—C'MON, TED—JOIN IN THE FUN!

IT'S NO FUN! IT'S *NONSENSE!* I DON'T BELIEVE IN SUCH BUNK!

Tales of Horror #9, February 1954. Jack Sparling. Toby.

BUNK? DID THAT FOOLISH YOUNG MAN CALL OUR "CROSSING THE EQUATOR" CEREMONY... BUNK?

TED'S KIDDING! HE JUST WANTS TO BE COAXED! C'MON, TED—BE A SPORT!

LET GO!

I HATE THESE STUPID ANTICS! I WON'T BE CHUCKED INTO THE POOL TO PLEASE A PACK OF CLOWNS!

BUT WESTON—PAYING TRIBUTE TO NEPTUNE IS AN AGE-OLD CUSTOM! PEOPLE WHO CROSS THE EQUATOR FOR THE FIRST TIME ALWAYS TAKE PART IN A DUCKING CEREMONY!

SOMEBODY GETS DRESSED UP AS NEPTUNE, EVERY NEW PASSENGER CROSSING THE EQUATOR GETS A DOWSING! THAT'S ALL IT AMOUNTS TO!

I'M NOT INTERESTED. COUNT ME OUT!

HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY! HERE I COME!

TRIBUTE TO *NEPTUNE!* HUH! SUCH BUNK!

I INITIATE YOU INTO THE MYSTERIOUS ORDER OF NEPTUNE! DOWSE THIS FEMALE!

THEY ACT LIKE IDIOTIC CHILDREN! NEPTUNE INDEED! NOBODY'S BELIEVED IN NEPTUNE SINCE THE DAYS OF COLUMBUS!

THIS ISN'T THE AGE OF GODS AND GODDESSES! I NEVER SAW ANYTHING MORE RIDICULOUS!

THAT NIGHT—

HMMM... I'M LATE FOR SUPPER. EVERYBODY'S INSIDE. BUT I MUST TAKE A STROLL AROUND THE DECK BEFORE EATING...

THESE EQUATORIAL NIGHTS ARE ABSOLUTELY MAGNIFICENT!

GASP!

I CAN'T BREATHE! (GASP!)— W-WHA—

W-WH —URGHH— OHHHHH!

OHHH -HHH

HMM...WESTON HASN'T SHOWN UP FOR DINNER YET. FUNNY ABOUT THAT FELLOW. HOW ***VEHEMENTLY*** HE REFUSED TO PARTICIPATE IN THE DUCKING CEREMONY COULDN'T HE UNDERSTAND IT WAS ALL IN ***FUN?*** WHY, WE DON'T BELIEVE IN NEPTUNE ANY MORE THAN ***HE*** DOES...

TED TEMPLER...A HUMDRUM GUY WITH A HUMDRUM JOB LIKE COUNTLESS OTHERS HAD FOUND A WAY, TO ESCAPE THE DRABNESS OF HIS EXISTENCE, IN THE SCREAMING HEADLINES OF THE BIG CITY'S NEWSPAPERS: THIS IS HIS STORY... A STRANGE TALE OF A MAN WITH MANY LIVES...

"The SLASHER!"

THAT GOTHAM

BLUE 7 FINAL

A TALE OF HORROR

ONE DAY HE WAS A FAMOUS SOCIALITE...

SO GLAD YOU COULD COME!

OH, WE COULDN'T MISS ONE OF TED TEMPLER'S PARTIES!

PLAYBOY OF [illegible]ENS SOCIAL SEA[illegible]ON WITH BALL

THE NEXT DAY HE WAS A DARING REPORTER...

WELL, YOU CAME THROUGH FOR US AGAIN, TED!

ROUTINE TO ME, BOSS!

REPORTER LAUGHS AT DEATH FOR A STORY!

Tales of Horror #8, December 1953. Pencils attributed to Bill Molno; inks attributed to Rocco Mastroserio. Toby.

YES, TED TEMPLER LIVED COUNTLESS LIVES, ABSORBING LIKE A SPONGE THOSE PERSONALITIES WHOM HE HEARD... OR SAW...

FRIENDS, YOU HAVE JUST SEEN AN EXHIBITION BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST JUDO EXPERT...

WHAT IF I WERE A JUDO EXPERT...?

I'D MAKE PEOPLE LOOK UP TO ME... I'D...

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN' BUSTER!

UH... SORRY!

WHY,... I JUST..

YOU JUST KEEP GOIN' BEFORE YOU GET HURT!

TELL 'IM, JACK!

THAT BIG PUNK! ... AND THE WAY THAT GIRL LOOKED AT ME... LIKE I WAS DIRT!

WHY, WITH MY JUDO I COULD KILL HIM!

DON'T HURT ME AGAIN... PLEASE!

YOU'RE WONDERFUL, TED!

THAT'LL TEACH HIM TO PLAY AROUND WITH TED TEMPLER, THE WORLD'S GREATEST JUDO EXPERT!

EVEN ON THE JOB, TED PURSUED THE HEADLINES.

...AND FOR HIS WORK ON THE CRIME, PATROLMAN BANNA WAS PERSONALLY COMMENDED BY THE COMMISSIONER.

FOR YOUR BRAVERY, PATROLMAN TEMPLER, I AWARD YOU THIS MEDAL AND THE RANK OF SERGEANT!

THANK YOU, COMMISSIONER!

TEMPLER, I'D LIKE TO HAVE THESE REPORTS OUT TONIGHT!

YES SIR, COMMISSIONER... EH, UH, YES SIR, MR. WILLIAMS! I...UH...WAS THINKING OF SOMETHING ELSE!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, TED? DOWN AT CITY HALL?

MAYBE TED THINKS HE'S THIS HERO COP! HA! HA!

THE FOOLS! LET THEM LAUGH. SOMEDAY, I'LL SHOW THEM!

THAT NIGHT, STILL SMOLDERING FROM THE TAUNTS OF HIS FELLOW WORKERS, TED TRIED TO LOSE HIMSELF IN THE LATEST HEADLINES.

DAYLIGHT BANDIT SHOOTS DOWN TWO PERSONS IN DARING ROBBERY.

SOME PEOPLE *SHOULD* BE SHOT! I WONDER HOW IT FEELS TO **REALLY** KILL SOMEBODY!

THE NEXT MORNING...

EXTRA! KNIFE KILLER CLAIMS VICTIM! EXTRA!

HERE, LET ME HAVE ONE OF THOSE!

HMMM-M, NO CLUES... THE KILLER GOT AWAY.

YEAH. BUT THEY'LL GET 'IM!

BUT THAT KILLING WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

ANOTHER KNIFING!

YEAH! LOOK HOW THE POOR GUY WAS CUT UP!

AUGUST 21

AUGUST 24

MAKE SURE THAT DOOR IS LOCKED TIGHT, MR. TEMPLER! THEY FOUND ANOTHER ONE SLASHED TO BITS. I'M AFRAID TO GO OUT AFTER DARK!

AUGUST 26

THE TOLL OF BRUTAL KNIFINGS STILL RISES. AS YET NOBODY HAS BEEN ABLE TO DESCRIBE THE SLASHER, BUT...

SEPT. 6

AND SINCE THE POLICE HAVE FAILED SO DISMALLY TO CATCH THE SLASHER, MAYBE SOME PRIVATE CITIZEN CAN COME FORWARD WITH SOME HELPFUL INFORMATION!

WHAT IF I CAUGHT THE SLASHER!

THE SLASHER!

TRY TO MAKE TED TEMPLER YOUR VICTIM EH? I'LL JUST TAKE THAT KNIFE...

TED TEMPLER HERO! SLASHER CAUGHT, BY BOOKKEEPER

METROPOLIT

MAYOR TO MEET HERO TED TEMPLER

WHAT WOULD THE SLASHER LOOK LIKE? HEAVY BROWS, PROBABLY, THIN LIPS... WILD EYES...

YES! THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHAT THE SLASHER LOOKS LIKE!

ANYTHING IN THE PAPERS ABOUT THE SLASHER? THEY HAVEN'T CAUGHT HIM YET, HAVE THEY?

NAW! HEY, YOU SOUND LIKE YOU DON'T WANT HIM CAUGHT!

HA! HA! I DON'T! THE MORE HE KILLS THE BIGGER THE HEADLINES WHEN I CATCH HIM!

OBSESSED WITH THE IDEA OF THE SLASHER. TED HAUNTS THE STREETS LOOKING FOR THE FACE THAT WOULD RESEMBLE HIS SKETCH.

UH... EXCUSE ME. HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN IN HERE?

NAW! AND TAKE THAT PICTURE OUTTA HERE! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

THEN SUDDENLY, THE KILLINGS STOPPED.

THE FACT THAT THE SLASHER IS INACTIVE DOESN'T MEAN HE STILL ISN'T AROUND. HE MAY KILL AGAIN, SO KEEP ON YOUR TOES.

AND TED, NO LONGER INTERESTED IN THE USUAL RUN OF HEADLINES, FRETTED RESTLESSLY.

BAH! WHO WANTS TO READ THAT TRASH? WHY DOESN'T THE SLASHER KILL AGAIN?

I NEED EXCITEMENT! I HAVEN'T HAD A DATE FOR A LONG TIME... THINK I'LL GO TO THE GRAND LAND DANCE HALL!

HMM-M... BETTER SHAVE. I'LL TREAT MYSELF TO ONE IN A BARBER SHOP. IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT... I'LL SPLURGE!

GRAND LAND DANCE HALL
50 GIRLS

I SEE YOUR SHADES ARE DRAWN. IS IT TOO LATE TO GET A SHAVE?

NO. GET IN THAT CHAIR. I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU

CLOSING HIS EYES, TED RELAXED IN THE CHAIR...

I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS SO LATE...

IT IS ALWAYS LATER THAN WE THINK... YOU MUST AGREE TO THAT!

TED OPENED HIS EYES TO REPLY.....

THE END

THE CANNIBAL!

There was no rain or fog that morning, but it was still a bleak day in London. Pedestrians moved along briskly in the chill October air. Someone looked through an opening in a fence stopped short and gasped with horror! Others saw the sickening sight and soon a large crowd gathered. The Scotland Yard men found it difficult to get through...

B-1863

GRUESOME-- POSITIVELY GRUESOME!

WHAT CAN WE DO WHEN PEOPLE WON'T LISTEN, HIGGS? TELL 'EM TO STAY OFF THE STREETS AND THEY'LL ALWAYS VENTURE OUT!

WE MUST TAKE PHOTOS, HADLY... PUBLISH THEM IN EVERY NEWSPAPER... WORDS ARE NOT ENOUGH!

XXX DA...
LONDO...
CANNIBAL CLAIMS FIFTH VICTIM

THESE CANNIBAL-MANIAC KILLINGS... DOES THE CREATURE ACTUALLY EAT— COULD IT BE A MORBID HOAX?

THE BLOOD MUST HAVE GOTTEN THERE LAST NIGHT! THE LAB WILL TEST IT BUT, IT'LL BE HUMAN BLOOD!

NOTICE THE HAIR, HADLY... ROOTS STILL ALIVE! NO... THIS IS NO HOAX!

"NORMA WHITTLING, AGE 31 ... 223 BIRCH-WOOD LANE... IN CASE OF ACCIDENT PLEASE NOTIFY--" THIS IS THE PART I LIKE LEAST, NOTIFYING THE VICTIM'S FAMILY!

1

Out of The Shadows #13, May 1953. Script: Carl Wessler; art attributed to Rocco Mastroserio. Pines.

BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, GUV'NOR--I LIVE NEXT DOOR TO THIS LOT! LAST NIGHT I 'EARD AN 'ORRIBLE LAUGH, LIKE A MANIAC, SIR! MY 'USBAND SAYS I WAS DAFT AND...

THAT SETTLES IT, HIGGS--THAT LAUGH IS HEARD EVERY TIME THERE'S A CANNI-BAL MURDER!

NOT EVEN THE DREADFUL PHOTOS COULD KEEP THE STREETS EMPTY OF PEOPLE. THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

YOU SHOULDN'T BE COMIN' OUT, LIBBY! IT'S VERY DANGEROUS!

A GIRL'S GOT TO WORK FOR HER LIVIN', ALF!

FREDDYS CHOP HOUSE

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO IF YOU'D MARRY ME, LIBBY!

I'VE TOLD YOU A DOZEN TIMES--I JUST DON'T LOVE YOU!

YOU WON'T EVEN GO OUT WITH ME! I WAGER YOU'D JUMP AT THE CHANCE IF THAT QUEER CHAP ASKED YOU!

I MIGHT! ANY'OW, SGT. ALF ROSS, IT'S MY BUSINESS WHAT MEN I GO OUT WITH!

EMPLOYEES ONLY!

THE MAN IN QUESTION MAY HAVE APPEARED QUEER LOOKING TO SGT. ROSS BUT LIBBY HIGGINS FOUND HIM FASCINATING! WHEN HE CAME IN THAT EVENING...

YOUR USUAL, MR. DARROW--TEA AND BISCUITS?

RIGHT, LIBBY! ACTUALLY I COME IN TO SEE YOU! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET UP THE NERVE TO ASK YOU TO GO OUT WITH ME!

THAT'D BE NICE... BUT I DON'T FINISH TILL MIDNIGHT!

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU...

I DON'T LIKE BUTTIN' IN, LIBBY, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT GENT!

NOT MEANIN' ANY DISRESPECT, MR. MARSH, BUT JEALOUS PEOPLE WILL SAY NASTY THINGS! I'M GOING OUT WITH MR. DARROW TONIGHT!

SGT. ROSS AND RESTAURANT MANAGER MARSH WERE NOT THE ONLY ONES WHO WORRIED...

SHE'S A FOOL, TAKING CHANCES! HE'S A PERFECT STRANGER! AND THAT MANIAC STILL LOOSE ON THE STREETS!

JUST 'CAUSE HE'S REFINED EVERY-BODY'S SUSPICIOUS OF 'IM! I DON'T CARE -- WE'RE GOING OUT!

AT MIDNIGHT MR. DARROW WAS WAITING...

I WAS AFRAID YOU'D GET TIRED OF WAITIN'!

I'M VERY PATIENT, LIBBY... ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M WAITING FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU!

YOU KEEP LOOKING BACK! IS SOMETHING WRONG?

OF ALL THE NERVE! TWO GALS FROM FREDDY ARE FOLLOWIN' US...

OH? AND WHY ARE THEY DOING THAT?

THEY'VE GONE LOONY ON THE SUBJECT OF THAT CANNIBAL MANIAC, THAT'S WHAT!

PERHAPS I'D BETTER TAKE YOU HOME, LIBBY.

DON'T BE ANGRY, MR. DARROW! AFTER I GIVE THOSE SNOOPS A PIECE OF MY MIND THEY'LL NOT FOLLOW US ON OUR NEXT DATE!

WHEN HE LEFT, LIBBY WAITED FOR AGGIE ANDREWS AND HARRIET TWIG...

I'LL THANK YOU TWO NOT TO HUMILIATE ME AGAIN AND BLIMEY IF YOU TRY IT, SO 'ELP ME, I'LL PULL YOUR HAIR OUT BY THE ROOTS!

WELL!

THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU, AGGIE!

THE TWO REBUFFED ESCORTS, UPSET BY LIBBY'S THREATS, WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS! HAVING GONE BUT A FEW BLOCKS, AGGIE SAW IT COMING... SAW IT'S WILD INSANE LOOK AND KNEW WHAT IT WAS!

HER SCREAM FROZE IN HER THROAT..

IT WAS LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON BEFORE THE POLICE LOCATED SOMEONE TO IDENTIFY THE REMAINS. HARRIET TWIGG RELUCTANTLY ACCOMPANIED THEM TO THE MORGUE...

IT'S HER! IT'S HER! THAT 'ORRIBLE CREATURE DARROW IS THE CANNIBAL MONSTER!

WHO, MISS TWIGG? PLEASE GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF! WHO'D YOU SAY?

AN HOUR WENT BY BEFORE HARRIET TOLD HER HALTING STORY...

...BUT DO YOU SUSPECT HIM ONLY BECAUSE YOU DISLIKE HIS LOOKS!

NO! POOR AGGIE WENT OFF IN MR. DARROW'S DIRECTION A MINUTE AFTER HE LEFT!

THAT EVENING THE TWO INSPECTORS QUESTIONED LIBBY IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...

YOU'RE PERSECUTIN' AN INNOCENT MAN! YOU'RE A FINE LOT! WHY DON'T YOU ARREST MR. DARROW IF YOU THINK HE'S YOUR CANNIBAL?

WE MUST CHECK EVERY POSSIBILITY! WHAT HAPPENED TO AGGIE COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!

I'M SORRY FOR POOR AGGIE! I KNOW YOU ALL MEAN WELL, BUT IF MR. DARROW WAS WHAT YOU SUGGEST I'D BE DONE FOR BY NOW, WOULDN'T I?

REASONABLE, EH, HADLY? HYSTERIA MAKES EVERYONE SUSPECT HIS NEIGHBOR!

ON THEIR WAY OUT THEY WERE STOPPED BY SGT. ALF ROSS...

I'D FOLLOW DARROW BUT MISS HIGGINS IS ALREADY ANGRY WITH ME! BUT I HAVE A FRIEND ON THE FORCE...

I UNDERSTAND! ASK YOUR FRIEND TO FOLLOW THEM-- UNOFFICIALLY OF COURSE! YOU MAY BE WRONG!

A LITTLE AFTER MIDNIGHT...

HERE SHE COMES, BERT!

DON'T WORRY, ALF! I'LL STICK TO 'EM LIKE A POSTAGE STAMP!

THE COUPLE WERE SOON AWARE OF BEING TRAILED...

THAT STUPID BOBBY THINKS I DIDN'T SEE HIM DUCK OUT OF SIGHT!

THE DEVIL WITH HIM, LIBBY! LET'S FORGET HIM AND HAVE A GOOD TIME!

THEY'RE UNIFORMED SHADOW WAITED OUTSIDE THE CRYSTAL BALLROOM WHILE THEY DANCED INSIDE FOR SEVERAL HOURS...

MAYBE WHEN THAT BOBBY'S CAUGHT A GOOD COUGH, 'E'LL NOT BUTT IN ON FOLKS!

ON OUR WAY HOME, LET'S SEPARATE! HE WON'T KNOW WHETHER TO FOLLOW YOU FOR PROTECTION OR ME AS A SUSPECT!

OFFICER LITTLE WAS CONFUSED AT THE PLAYFUL TRICK OF DARROW'S...

GOOD NIGHT, MY DEAR!

SEE YOU TOMORROW, MR. DARROW!

IN FACT HE WAS SO BAFFLED HE STOOD A FULL MINUTE BEFORE HE COULD DECIDE WHICH WAY TO TURN. SUDDENLY, BEHIND HIM, HE HEARD A STEP AND THEN A MANIACAL LAUGH THAT MADE HIS HAIR STAND!

IN A NEARBY BEDROOM, A MR. LOFTUS HEARD THE STARTLING LAUGH. WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED, ONLY OFFICER LITTLE'S BONES AND BADGE REMAINED!

OH, BERT... IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

I KNOW IT'S A GREAT SHOCK TO YOU, ROSS! TAKE THE DAY OFF!

PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO GO TO THE CINEMA AT NIGHT-- CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS MONSTER?

WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE, MR. LOFTUS! WE LACK MEN FOR SUCH A JOB!

LONDON WAS HORRIFIED WHEN IT LEARNED THAT EVEN THE LAW ITSELF WAS NOT SAFE FROM THE CANNIBAL MONSTER! THE MANAGER OF FREDDY'S CHOP HOUSE ARRIVED AT A DECISION...

THERE'S NO BUSINESS THESE NIGHTS ANYWAY! I'LL LOCK UP AT SIX TILL THAT FIEND IS CAUGHT!

I'D RATHER QUIT SERVIN' MEALS THAN SERVE AS A MEAL MYSELF!

I AIN'T AFRAID! I GOT AN ESCORT TO SEE ME 'OME!

MISS HIGGINS, EITHER YOU'R A FOOL OR JUST STUBBORN! YOUR MR. DARROW IS THE CANNIBAL! EVERYONE KNOWS IT BUT YOU!

THAT'S UNFAIR, MR. MARSH! HE'S A REAL GENTLEMAN!

ALL THE SAME IT'S STRANGE HE'S BEEN AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD IN EACH OF THE LAST FEW MURDERS!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, SIR!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! BUT I'LL ARRANGE FOR YOU TO WORK DAYS TILL THIS UGLY BUSINESS IS OVER!

DESPITE THE WARNINGS, LIBBY MET MR. DARROW AFTER WORK...

MISS HIGGINS...!

GOOD NIGHT, MR. MARSH.. LYDIES!

I CAN'T JUST STAND BY! SHE'S A FOOL BUT I'VE GOT TO HELP HER!

LET HER BE, MR. MARSH! SHE REALLY LIT INTO ME AND POOR AGGIE FOR FOLLOWING 'ER!

CATCHING UP WITH THEM, MARSH PLEADED WITH LIBBY TILL THEY REACHED HER HOUSE...

YOU'RE NOT GOING UP TO YOUR FLAT WITH HIM?

I DON'T SEE WHY NOT!

MISS HIGGINS IS NOT OBLIGED TO TAKE ORDERS WHILE SHE'S NOT AT WORK!

MR. MARSH WATCHED AGHAST AS THEY VANISHED INTO THE GLOOM OF THE HALLWAY. THEN...

I MUST GET SGT. ROSS... IF I CAN FIND OUT WHERE HE LIVES! CONFOUND IT... HE WOULD BE OFF TONIGHT!

HE WAS IN A FRENZY WHEN HE FINALLY LOCATED THE OFFICER...

GOOD LORD, MAN, WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HER?

HOW COULD I? SHE'S STUBBORN, BELIEVE ME!

I'M NOT PERMITTED TO CARRY A GUN, BUT TH'S TIME I'D BETTER!

FOR HEAVENS SAKE, SERGEANT, HURRY!!

SGT. ROSS RAN THROUGH THE DARK STREETS... POUNDED FRANTICALLY ON HER DOOR...

LIBBY! LIBBY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? DARROW, IF YOU'VE HARMED HER...

SGT. ROSS STOOD READY WITH HIS GUN... LIBBY OPENED THE DOOR...

LIBBY! THANK GOODNESS! THAT CANNIBAL... DARROW! IS HE GONE?

HE'S GONE! AND HE'S NO CANNIBAL!

BLIMEY! I'VE MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF! IT'S ONLY THAT I CARE SO MUCH FOR YOU, LIBBY!

I KNOW YOU DO, ALF, OR I WOULDN'T BE ASKIN' YOU IN!

LIBBY, IT'S MY NIGHT OFF! COME OUT WITH ME FOR A BITE... MAYBE SOME CHOW MEIN!

THANKS ALL THE SYME, DUCKY, BUT I CAN'T EVEN THINK OF FOOD...

L. HIGGINS

LIBBY HIGGINS' SHRILL MAD LAUGH SENT AN ICY TERROR THROUGH SGT. ROSS...

SEE, I TOLD YOU MR. DARROW WAS GONE... EVERY LAST BIT OF HIM! I SIMPLY COULDN'T EAT ANOTHER BITE!

YAAAA

The END

DON'T LAUGH WHEN YOU READ THIS ... IT IS NOT THE STARK RAVING OF A DERANGED MIND, BELIEVE ME! **DARLENE MARLOW** NOW RESTS IN HER COFFIN UNDER SIX FEET OF HEAVY EARTH ... YOU BURIED HER ONLY A FEW HOURS AGO - REMEMBER? I RECALL ALL THE DETAILS OF THE GAUDY FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS, BECAUSE I MADE THEM. BUT SHE IS NOT DEAD! THERE IS YET TIME TO SAVE HER! UNLESS YOU HURRY, YOU'LL BE GUILTY OF HER DEATH ...

YOU ARE THE MURDER!

ART GATES

SOUNDS FANTASTIC, DOESN'T IT? WELL, LET'S GO BACK A BIT. JUST A YEAR AGO, I WAS A HOLLYWOOD PRESS AGENT PLAGUED WITH ULCERS AND THREATENED WITH A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN. MY DOCTOR WAS EMPHATIC ...

YOU MUST GET AWAY FOR A COMPLETE REST.

OKAY, DOC. I'LL THROW SOME CLOTHES INTO MY CAR AND TAKE A SLOW DRIVE ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

SOME DAYS LATER, I CHECKED INTO AN AUTO COURT IN A LITTLE TOWN IN KANSAS. IN THE EVENING, WITH NOTHING TO DO, I IDLY WATCHED A CARNIVAL SHOW..

YOGI KRISANDA HAS POWER OVER LIFE AND DEATH -! THIS WAY - THIS WAY --

BEAUTY 25¢

SEE THE LADY **BURIED ALIVE!**

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Crime Mysteries #9, September 1953. Art Gates. Ribage.

I PAID A QUARTER AND WENT IN. THE YOGI SEEMED TO SINGLE ME OUT...

THERE ARE ALWAYS DISBELIEVERS. PERHAPS **YOU** WILL COME UP ON THE PLATFORM AND BE CONVINCED--

I ACCEPTED THE INVITATION. I SAW AN OPENING IN THE PLATFORM AND A YAWNING GRAVE BENEATH...

BRING IN DARLENE, MY BEAUTIFUL VICTIM!

I WAS STRUCK WITH THE BEAUTY OF THE BLONDE GIRL WHO JOINED US... SHE SMILED AT ME...

THE YOGI MADE STRANGE GESTURES AT DARLENE, CHANTING A WEIRD INCANTATION. HER RIGID BODY STARTED TO FALL IN MY DIRECTION...

CATCH HER!

AS I HELD HER, THE GIRL'S BODY WAS AS UNYIELDING AS STONE AND AS COLD AS ICE...

BEHOLD! SHE HEARS NOTHING-SEES NOTHING-FEELS NOTHING. SHE DOES NOT EVEN BREATHE. BRING ON THE COFFIN!

THE LADY WILL NOW BE BURIED AND THE GRAVE FILLED IN. JUST 48 HOURS FROM NOW SHE WILL AWAKEN FROM HER HYPNOTIC SLEEP AND WE SHALL DISINTER HER ALIVE AND WELL. MEANTIME, A VIEWING TUBE WILL BE RUN FROM COFFIN TO PLATFORM SO ALL MAY SEE THERE IS NO TRICKERY.

THE COFFIN WAS LOWERED AND WORKMEN SHOVELED EARTH INTO THE GRAVE...

GEE! GOSH! HOW CAN SHE STAY ALIVE?

THAT NIGHT, I TOSSED FOR HOURS IN MY BED AT THE MOTEL. SLEEP ELUDED ME. FINALLY, A CRASH OF THUNDER GOT ME TO MY FEET...

..CAN'T SLEEP... MIGHT AS WELL GET DRESSED!

WHEN I FLUNG THE DOOR OPEN I FOUND A FURIOUS STORM RAGING - LIGHTNING SEARING THE SKY AND THE RAIN COMING DOWN IN TORRENTS...

I SLIPPED ON A COAT AND SOON WAS RUNNING TOWARD THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS NEARBY...

THAT GIRL-! WATER MIGHT SEEP INTO HER CASKET AND DROWN HER!

I POINTED MY FLASHLIGHT DOWN THE VIEWING TUBE. DARLENE'S FACE WAS SERENE IN UNEARTHLY SLEEP - BUT...

I WAS RIGHT! WATER IS ALREADY TRICKLING INTO THE COFFIN!

SEIZING A SHOVEL, I STARTED TO DIG, FAST AND FRANTICALLY...

I HASTILY LIFTED HER ICE-COLD BODY WITH ITS SOPPING WET ROBE OUT OF THE COFFIN...

THINKING ONLY TO SAVE THAT LOVELY GIRL FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH, I CLASPED HER COLD, WET FORM IN MY ARMS AND RAN BACK TO THE REFUGE OF MY CABIN AT THE AUTO COURT-

• • •

AS I GENTLY PUT MY BURDEN DOWN...

I HOPE SHE ISN'T DEAD!

OF COURSE NOT. BUT SHE WILL NOT AWAKE FROM MY HYPNOTIC SPELL UNTIL THE 48 HOURS ARE UP — OR UNTIL I CHOOSE TO WAKE HER.

KRISANDA!

YOU ARE SURPRISED TO SEE ME HERE? YOU SHOULD NOT BE. I HAVE WAYS OF KNOWING WHAT I SHOULD KNOW, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT CONCERNS - *MY WIFE!*

HER HUSBAND! THE THOUGHT SICKENED ME. MY FISTS CLENCHED IN HATE AS I REALIZED THAT I WAS IN LOVE WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL. I WAS CONSUMED WITH JEALOUSY AS KRISANDA EYED ME STRANGELY...

YOUR W-WIFE?!!

YOU HAVE INTRUDED IN BUSINESS THAT DOES NOT CONCERN YOU, MY FRIEND! YOU HAVE SPOILED MY SHOW! WHAT WILL THE AUDIENCE SAY TOMORROW WHEN THEY PEER DOWN THE VIEWING TUBE AND FIND DARLENE GONE FROM HER GRAVE? THEY WILL CALL ME A FRAUD!

WOULD YOU HAVE ALLOWED HER TO DROWN FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR REPUTATION?

SHE WOULD NOT HAVE DROWNED. THE WATER WOULD NOT HAVE HARMED HER SO LONG AS SHE REMAINED IN CATALEPSIS.

ONCE MORE, THE THOUGHT OF DARLENE BEING THE YOGI'S WIFE SENT DARK ANGER COURSING THROUGH ME. I COULD NOT BEAR TO LOSE HER... THEN MY FANTASTIC SCHEME WAS SPAWNED!...

YOU CLAIM I RUINED YOUR SHOW. ALL RIGHT - LET ME MAKE IT UP TO YOU... FAME FOR DARLENE, LUXURY FOR YOU... MORE MONEY THAN YOU'VE EVER SEEN!!

EXPLAIN YOURSELF. I AM WAITING TO HEAR MORE -

I'M A HOLLYWOOD PRESS AGENT. YOUR WIFE IS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. I KNOW A WAY TO MAKE HER A STAR, RICH AND FAMOUS!

YOU CAN?

LISTEN - FIRST I'LL GET HER BIT PARTS WITH ONE OF THE MAJOR COMPANIES. I HAVE INFLUENCE AND I CAN PUSH HER AHEAD RAPIDLY. WHEN SHE FINISHES HER FIRST FEATURED ROLE, WE SPRING OUR STUNT. SHE WILL OSTENSIBLY SICKEN AND DIE - SUDDENLY--

YOU MEAN I AM TO PUT HER INTO A CATALEPTIC TRANCE AND FOOL THE PHYSICIANS? THEN SHE'LL BE BURIED, BUT I REVIVE HER AND BRING HER BACK FROM APPARENT DEATH? WITH MY COMMAND OF MYSTIC EASTERN LORE, I CAN DO IT.

THAT'S THE IDEA - IT'S TERRIFIC!

THINK OF THE PUBLICITY - A DEAD ACTRESS BROUGHT BACK FROM THE GRAVE! EVERY MOVIE-GOER IN THE WORLD WILL WANT TO SEE HER ON THE SCREEN. PRODUCERS WILL FIGHT FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF STARRING HER. WE'LL HAVE MONEY, FAME, EVERYTHING!

IT SOUNDS LIKE GOOD SHOWMANSHIP. I'LL ACCEPT YOUR OFFER.

KRISANDA BENT OVER THE SENSELESS GIRL...

AWAKE, MY SWEETLING! OPEN YOUR EYES, DARLENE. COME BACK FROM THE REALMS OF DARKNESS. ADDA-BAHA-RA--

AS DARLENE'S EYES OPENED, AND HER ARMS WENT AROUND HER HUSBAND'S NECK, I TURNED AWAY IN ENVY. I SWORE MY TURN WOULD COME!...

BACK IN HOLLYWOOD, I SHOWED DARLENE OFF TO A CASTING DIRECTOR. HE WAS IMPRESSED...

HMM - YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO PICK 'EM, TOM!

SOON SHE WAS WORKING IN A PRODUCTION...

CAMERA!

IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THE BIG-SHOT PRODUCER NOTICED HER...

THAT GIRL DARLENE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD BET FOR A FAT PART IN "FASHIONS OF FATE".

YES - SHE'S OKAY.

I HAD DARLENE TAKE AN APARTMENT ALONE. KRISANDA HAD AGREED, RELUCTANTLY, TO STAY IN THE BACKGROUND. ONE EVENING, I DROPPED IN TO VISIT DARLENE...

HI, HONEY.

HELLO, TOM. COME IN.

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT ALTAMOUNT IS GIVING ME A FEATURED ROLE IN THEIR NEW PICTURE?

YES. HAVE YOU TOLD KRISANDA YET?

WHY, N-NO. I HADN'T EVEN THOUGHT TO PHONE HIM...

DARLENE'S ADMISSION THAT SHE HAD NOT BOTHERED TO TELL HER HUSBAND MADE MY HEART JUMP IN EXULTATION. AT LAST - I HAD BROKEN HIS HOLD ON HER! THE TIME I HAD BEEN WAITING FOR SO LONG HAD COME - AT LAST...!!

DARLENE - MY DEAREST! FORGET HIM - DIVORCE HIM. I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU. MARRY ME! I'M THE ONE WHO CAN DO BIG THINGS FOR YOU!

OH, TOM - DARLING!

THERE WAS A SLIGHT SOUND AT THE DOOR, AND WE SPRANG APART JUST AS KRISANDA ENTERED...

GOOD EVENING.

WHY, H-HELLO —

HIS EYES GLITTERED, BUT BETRAYED NO HINT WHETHER HE HAD WITNESSED OUR KISS ...

I HAVE HEARD THE GOOD NEWS OF DARLENE'S NEW PART. I WISH TO SPEAK TO MY WIFE. YOU MAY GO NOW, TOM.

I LEFT, WITH FURY EATING MY SOUL... ORDER ME AROUND, WILL HE? WELL, MY HOUR WAS COMING — FAST! ...

AS SOON AS DARLENE'S FEATURED PICTURE WAS FINISHED, WE PULLED OUR BIG STUNT. WE HAD REPUTABLE DOCTORS PRONOUNCE HER DEAD...

THERE IS NO HOPE — HER HEART HAS STOPPED!

DARLENE'S FUNERAL WAS LAVISH, AS ONLY HOLLYWOOD KNOWS HOW TO DO IT. BUT SHE WAS NOT DEAD, ONLY IN A CATALEPTIC TRANCE. WE PLANNED TO EXHUME AND REVIVE HER UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS...

ONLY — I HAD PLANS OF MY OWN! LATER THAT SAME DAY, I FURTIVELY WENT TO KRISANDA'S ROOM ...

YOU DID A GOOD JOB, YOGI, BUT WHEN DARLENE REVIVES IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, YOU WON'T BE AROUND. SHE'LL BE THE BIGGEST NAME IN HOLLYWOOD - AND MINE - **ALL MINE!!**

THEN I SHOT HIM FROM MY POCKET WITH MY MUFFLED GUN...

ARR-RGH!

BAM!

BUT AS HE FELL, HE LAUGHED AT ME, WHEEZING THROUGH HIS PUNCTURED CHEST...

YOU'RE WRONG... I CAN STILL REVIVE HER... BEFORE THE FORTY-EIGHT HOURS ARE UP... JUST LIKE I DID, THE FIRST NIGHT I MET YOU...

A COLD SLIME OF FEAR SLITHERED THROUGH ME AS HIS DYING LIPS BEGAN TO MUTTER THE WEIRD WORDS OF OCCULT INCANTATION...

ADDA-BAHA-RAMAZO-DIN-HAR--

REVIVE HER - WHILE SHE'S STILL BURIED? SHE'D SMOTHER! SHE'D **REALLY** DIE!!

KRISANDA UTTERED JUST ONE WORD BEFORE HE FELL BACK, LIFELESS...

EXACTLY!

I WAS FRANTIC! I DIDN'T DARE GO TO DIG DARLENE UP IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. MY CAREFULLY LAID PLANS WERE KNOCKED SKY HIGH... I WAS CONFUSED AND CARELESS. THE COPS SOON PICKED ME UP...

YES, I KNOW I'M A KILLER, AND I'LL HAVE TO PAY THE PENALTY. BUT DARLENE'S INNOCENT! SHE'S SMOTHERING RIGHT NOW UNDER SIX FEET OF EARTH - SCREAMING -- SHRIEKING AS SHE USES UP THE PRECIOUS OXYGEN!...

BUT NOBODY BELIEVES ME! THEY THINK I'M CRAZY! THEY'RE COMING FOR ME NOW WITH ***THE STRAIGHTJACKET!*** YOU CAN'T LET DARLENE DIE IN THAT COFFIN - IN HER GRAVE! YOU CAN'T! - YOU CAN'T! THE AIR IS ALMOST EXHAUSTED -- IF YOU LET HER DIE, - ***YOU ARE THE MURDERER!!!***

I AM A *COFFIN*. . AN EMPTY BARREN *COFFIN!* OH, IT ISN'T THAT I'M NOT A *GOOD* COFFIN . . . *I AM!* MY BODY IS MADE OF THE *FINEST* MAHOGONY AND MY HINGES ARE STRONG SHINY BRASS: I'M EMPTY BECAUSE *NO BODY* WANTS ME . . . *YET!* I SIT HOPEFULLY EVERY DAY, WAITING . . . WAITING FOR *DEATH!* THIS IS MY STORY: A TALE OF _____ _____ _____

the COFFIN

L-LESTER, NO! FOR GOD'S SAKE, NO! KEEP THE MONEY... I—I DON'T WANT IT, BUT DON'T... DON'T KILL ME!

IT'S TOO LATE, DOC! YER GONNA DIE . . . NOW!

MY HOME IS IN THE BACK OF LESTER PETERS' *MORTUARY*. HERE, ALONG WITH A DOZEN OTHER COFFINS, I WAIT EAGERLY FOR THE DAY WHEN A BEREAVED RELATIVE WILL SELECT *ME* AS THE FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THE BELOVED CORPSE...

I KNOW THIS IS *DIFFICULT*, MRS. HARVEY, BUT YOU *MUST* SELECT A *COFFIN* FOR MR. HARVEY! THIS IS A FINE ONE... SOLID MAHOGONY, BRASS HARDWARE AND . . .

NO, (SOB) HENRY (SOB) LIKED *PINE!* I WANT A (SOB) PINE COFFIN!

FOR AN INSTANT I THOUGHT MY TIME HAD COME... BUT, *NO*, THE WOMAN WANTED *PINE*. THIS IS ALWAYS THE WAY. EITHER I'M TOO EXPENSIVE OR THE BODY IS CREMATED OR THEY WANT ANOTHER KIND OF WOOD. SOMETIMES I DESPAIR OF *EVER* BEING CHOSEN!

I'LL *NEVER* GET RID OF THIS *DARN* THING! I MUST HAVE BEEN *CRAZY* TO STOCK SUCH AN EXPENSIVE COFFIN! NOBODY IN THIS *TWO-BIT* TOWN CAN AFFORD IT!

Mysterious Adventures #19, April 1954. Ross Andru. Story Comics.

THE KINDLY FACE LESTER PETERS PRESENTS TO HIS PATRONS IS A FARCE. NOT ONLY IS LESTER CALCULATING AND MERCENARY, BUT HE IS ALSO A MURDERER...

HURRY UP, LES. I DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO SEE ME COMIN' IN HERE!

TAKE IT EASY, DOO! THERE AINT NOTHIN' STRANGE ABOUT A *DOCTOR* COMING TO TO SEE A MORTICIAN! YER GETTING *NERVOUS*, AMOS!

BUT DR. AMOS CRADDOCK HAS GOOD REASON TO BE NERVOUS... HE TOO IS A MURDERER! HE AND LESTER ARE PARTNERS IN A LITTLE GAME OF DEATH!

I SEE THAT HARVEY WENT OFF JEST LIKE WE PLANNED. I KNEW THE OLD MAN'S HEART COULDN'T STAND THE SHOCK OF AN OPERATION! WHAT'LL WE MAKE ON THE FUNERAL?

PRACTICALLY *NOTHING!* OLD LADY HARVEY BAWLED HER EYES OUT...BUT SHE WATCHED EVERY *DIME* LIKE A *HAWK!* THE WHOLE THING AIN'T GOIN' TO BE WORTH MORE'N *SEVENTY-FIVE BUCKS* APIECE!

IT'S A SWEET LITTLE SET-UP, ISN'T IT? THE LOCAL DOCTOR AND THE LOCAL MORTICIAN WORKING HAND-IN-GLOVE TO KILL OFF PEOPLE AND SPLIT THE PROFIT ON THE FUNERAL...

YOU'VE *GOT* TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, LES! THIS BUSINESS IS TOO *RISKY* TO SETTLE FOR *PEANUTS!*

DON'T *BLAME* ME, AMOS! IT AIN'T MY FAULT THAT NOBODY IN THIS TOWN HAS ANY MONEY!

YER *WRONG* THERE, LES... THERE *IS* ONE FAMILY THAT HAS MONEY...*THE KNOLLS*... AND OLD MAN KNOLL IS SICK *RIGHT NOW!*

YUH MEAN...

THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT I MEAN! HE'LL BE *DEAD* WITHIN A WEEK!

HOT DOG! I GOT *JEST* THE *COFFIN* FER HIM! IT'LL BE A *BANG-UP FUNERAL*...WORTH AT LEAST *$1000!*

I KNOW HE MEANS ME! I'M THE COFFIN HE'S TALKING ABOUT! I CAN FEEL A TREMBLE INSIDE OF ME, A TENSENESS, AN EXCITEMENT! AT LAST I'M TO HAVE A CORPSE OF MY VERY OWN...

HA! I CAN SOAK THE KNOLLS OVER *$700* FOR THIS *WHITE ELEPHANT* ALONE!

IT IS FIVE DAYS LATER NOW AND MY INSIDES QUIVER WITH JOY AS I HEAR LESTER ON THE PHONE . . . .

...OF COURSE, MRS. KNOLL, I'LL BE OVER *IMMEDIATELY!* YOU HAVE MY *DEEPEST* SYMPATHY!

HE DONS HIS BLACK SUIT AND HASTILY DRIVES OFF IN THE HEARSE. IT SEEMS LIKE HE'S GONE AN ETERNITY...I WAIT, BREATHLESS WITH ANTICIPATION... IT'S JUST A MATTER OF MINUTES NOW...JUST A MATTER OF MINUTES UNTIL *MINE* IS HERE...

HE'S INSIDE NOW, INSIDE AND ON THE EMBALMING TABLE. WHEN LESTER GETS FINISHED WITH HIM, I'LL TAKE HIM TO MY HUNGRY BOSOM, CARESS HIM... THE ENDLESS YEARS OF LONLINESS ARE ALMOST OVER . . . .

WHAT A *PERFECT* SET-UP! WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH OLD MAN KNOLL EVEN AN *AUTOPSY* WOULDN'T SHOW DOC'S *POISON!*

IT'S OVER AND LESTER HAS LAID THE BODY OF ALFRED HAMILTON KNOLL INSIDE OF ME. HIS OLD BONES REST AGAINST MY QUILTED PADDING AND I FEEL LIKE A MOTHER WHO'S HOLDING HER CHILD FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . .

I DON'T CARE THAT HE'S BEEN MURDERED, KILLED IN COLD BLOOD ...HE'S MINE AND I LOVE HIM. DURING THE NEXT TWO DAYS I LIVE IN AN ECSTASY OF DELIGHT AS TEARFUL MOURNERS PASS BEFORE ME, PAYING THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO MY CHARGE . . . .

HE (SOB) WAS A GOOD MAN!

THE WHOLE TOWN WILL MISS HIM!

IT IS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FUNERAL NOW. LESTER IS PREPARING TO PUT ME IN THE HEARSE WHEN AMOS CRADDOCK SURREPTITIOUSLY ENTERS THE REAR DOOR...

FOR *PETE'S SAKE,* STOP *SKULKING* AROUND, AMOS! THERE AIN'T NOBODY HERE... *EXCEPT* OLD MAN KNOLL! *HAHA!*

I AIN'T IN NO MOOD FOR HUMOR, LESTER! *I QUIT...* I'M *FINISHED!* THIS IS THE *LAST* JOB!

WHAT ARE YOH TALKIN' ABOUT? WHAT'S *WRONG?*

NUTHIN'S WRONG... I JEST *CAN'T* KEEP THIS UP! IT'S MAKIN' ME TOO *NERVOUS.* I DON'T *SLEEP* NIGHTS! OLD MAN KNOLL *SHOULDN'T* HAVE DIED . . .THERE WEREN'T *NUTHIN'* WRONG WITH HIM 'CEPT *INDIGESTION!*

AS AMOS SPEAKS I FEEL A STIRRING WITHIN MY BOSOM, AN ANGRY RESTLESS FLUTTERING. . .

YER *YELLOW*, AMOS! JEST PLAIN *YELLOW!*

MAYBE I AM... BUT I'M *SICK* OF BEING A *MURDERER!* AFTER I COLLECT MY SHARE OF THE *KNOLL* MONEY, YOU AND ME ARE *THROUGH!*

AMOS LEAVES. . .AND INSIDE THE EMBALMING ROOM TWO MEN MUTTER ANGRILY TO THEMSELVES. ONE OF THE MEN IS ALIVE

DIRTY COWARD! WITHOUT HIM, I'M SUNK! AT LEAST IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO *SPLIT* ON THE KNOLL JOB IT WOULDN'T BE TOO BAD... SAY, MAYBE . . .

BUT THE OTHER MAN IS DEAD...

THEY...KILLED...ME! THEY...KILLED...ME!

I TRY TO COMFORT MY CORPSE... BUT HE WON'T LISTEN. IT IS THE NEXT DAY NOW, THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL . . .

ASHES TO ASHES... DUST UNTO DUST...

HAMILTON KNOLL 1895 1953

THE MOURNERS LEAVE AND I SETTLE COMFORTABLY INTO MY NEW EARTH HOME... BUT I AM NOT HAPPY...ALFRED KNOLL WHISPERS HIS HATRED INTO MY WOODEN SIDES AND I WORRY. . .

MURDERERS...MURDERERS... THEY... KILLED...ME...

HAMILTON KNOOL 1895 1953

IT IS NIGHT. . .AND THE RESTLESSNESS WITHIN THE DEAD MAN HAS GROWN AND GROWN. I AM AFRAID, AFRAID I WILL LOSE MY PRECIOUS CHARGE. AS I HEAR FOOTSTEPS OVER MY HEAD I FEEL RELIEVED...PERHAPS THE FEAR OF DISCOVERY WILL KEEP THE BODY WITHIN ME AT PEACE . . .

AMOS'LL BE HERE IN TEN MINUTES...BETTER GET THIS LITTLE OLE *AXE* OUTTA THE WAY!

I STIFFEN WITH SHOCK AS I RECOGNIZE LESTER'S VOICE . . . WHAT IS *HE* DOING HERE?

HA! AND WHAT *BETTER* PLACE TO HIDE IT THAN BEHIND OLD MAN KNOLL'S *GRAVE!* DOC *KILLED* HIM...NOW HE CAN HELP ME *KILL* DOC!

AT LESTER'S WORDS MY BELOVED CORPSE TURNS AND PUSHES, SCRATCHING AT MY QUILTED SIDES. . .

SUDDENLY EVERYTHING SEEMS TERRIFYING TO ME . . .AND WORSE YET, I CAN HEAR A NEW VOICE: AMOS CRADDOCK . . . .

LESTER? IS THAT YOU, LESTER?

YEAH, DOC, YUH CAN STOP WHISPERIN'. . .IT'S ME, ALL RIGHT!

YUH GOT THE *MONEY* WITH YUH? I *DON'T* LIKE BEIN' IN THIS *CEMETERY!* GIVES ME THE *CREEPS!*

IT *OUGHTTA* GIVE YUH THE CREEPS, DOC... YOU *SENT* ENOUGH PEOPLE HERE! HAHAHA!

I AIN'T IN NO MOOD FOR YER JOKES, LESTER! GIMME MY SHARE OF THE KNOLL FUNERAL AND LEMME GET OUTTA HERE!

OH, YEAH, I *ALMOST* FORGOT... YOUR SHARE OF THE MONEY. GEE, AMOS, I'M *SORRY*, BUT I AIN'T GOT IT WITH ME!

AIN'T GOT IT WITH YUH? SEE HERE, LESTER, WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO PULL? I TOLE YOU, I AIN'T IN NO MOOD FOR *JOKES!*

THIS *AIN'T* NO JOKE, DOC! NO, NOT A JOKE *AT ALL!*

HAMILTON KNOLL

YER ACTIN' MIGHTY *PECULIAR*, LESTER, AND I DON'T LIKE... L—LESTER! WHAT... WHAT ON EARTH...

YEAH, DOC, IT'S AN *AXE*, AIN'T IT? *YOU STUPID OLD FOOL!* WHY SHOULD I SPLIT THE KNOLL MONEY WITH YOU? YOU'RE NO GOOD TO ME *NOW!*

IN FACT, IF YOU WUZ ALIVE, YOU MIGHT DO ME SOME *HARM!* YOU TURNED *CHICKEN*, AMOS... AND I'M GONNA KILL YUH!

N-NO, LESTER, NO! KEEP THE MONEY... B-BUT LEAVE ME ALONE!

HA

FOR AN INSTANT THERE'S SILENCE AND I CAN HEAR ONLY THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...BUT THEN THERE'S A SCREAM...A HORRIBLE, BLOODCURDLING SCREAM...

HACH!

AND THEN ONCE AGAIN THERE'S SILENCE...BUT BY NOW I DON'T CARE. I'VE LOST MY CHARGE... HE'S BROKEN FREE OF ME...

NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET THE BODY BURIED AND BEAT IT BEFORE ANYBODY SEE'S ME!

I'M ALONE AGAIN...DESERTED! EVERY WOODEN PANEL OF MY BODY CRIES OUT IN PROTEST..."COME BACK! COME BACK!" I DO NOT KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING ABOVE ME AT THIS VERY INSTANT...

WH..HEY! MY THROAT... YER CHOKIN' ME! STOP... STOP! HELP! HELP!

KNOLL! OLD MAN KNOLL! OH, MY GOD, NO! PLEASE! DON'T TAKE ME THERE...NO...NO...

AND NOW I CAN SMILE! I'M NOT ALONE...MY EMPTINESS IS ONCE AGAIN FILLED...AND THIS TIME IT'S EVEN BETTER! I'VE GOT TWO CORPSES INSTEAD OF ONE!

DYING, CAN'T BREATH (GASP)... HELP! NEED AIR...AIR...

HAMILTON KNOLL 1895 1953

THE END

CHILLY CHUCKLES

DON'T DIG ME NOW I'M REALLY GONE

EARY PLACE ISN'T IT?

EEK!

LIBRARY QUIET

HOW TO GET A HEAD

WELL, NOW DO YOU ADMIT YOU TOOK THE WRONG ROAD?

RIVER STYX FERRY SCHEDULE

B-1844

Out of The Shadows #13, May 1954. Artist unknown. Pines.

Tyrant Lizard Kings
EMPIRE